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STRENGTH FROM MAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Far down the deep valley, far up the high mountain,
Each poet with its rustling green trees and fresh fountain,
Young May with her bliss eyes large welcome is flowing
And looks for our songs to be with brown fawning.

Come, dear wife and children—come join in her gladness
For round us the birds in their wed rapture sing—
Behold the mist incense from torrents ascending—
And over us God's love in blue heaven bending.

That Father has given us home altars holy,
But ever here should gratitude worship Him wholly;
All beauty is given us, and hearths of ours
Will better and sweeter be from gathered flow-

Come, wife, for a day, from out cares of duty,
Come, children, and unconsciously give to-night;
Your God to bless, will be the valley and mountain—
Give now strength for duty, from tree, bird and fountain.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CAVE OF ADULLAM," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

FATE PLAYS INTO MRS. BLAKE'S HANDS.

It was unusually late when Mrs. Miller returned from the village. She was a ruddy, shrewd looking woman, who seemed to take extraordinarily, and she came in smiling, with the confidence that she was the bearer of something her employer would be glad to receive.

"I called at the post-office, ma'am, and here is a letter for you and a message for Miss Hester. I imagined that you've been anxious about them lately, so I went out of my way to ask for them."

"I thank you for your thoughtfulness," replied Mrs. Blake, as she took the missive and looked at the superscription with a puzzled air. "I've been away a long time, Mrs. Miller. Was there anything of interest to attend to in the village?"

"The whole place was astir, ma'am, with the news of a dreadful railroad accident. A bridge gave way under the train, and several cars filled with passengers went down. It was only four miles from town, and everybody was talking about it, and the dead were being brought to the village. They say that many were killed outright."

Both her auditors grew pale, and shuddered at the picture her words conjured up. Hester said:

"The first account of such things is always exaggerated, and no doubt this has been correspondingly much worse than it really is. I am glad, therefore, that you are looking for any one in the train."

A sudden fear seemed to move her mother at these words, and she hastily opened her letter and glanced over the few lines it contained.

"It was a narrow escape," she muttered inaudibly, "but they are safe, and would have been among the slain, saved of unfortunate— perhaps done to death, by the catastrophe of a bridge incident."

Mrs. Miller was dilating on the news with all the gusto of a person who really knows anything exciting, and Hester was listening with a pale face, and eyes that were concentrated to anything in which she was not personally interested.

The wound up abruptly:

"I saw Dr. Macon, Miss Hester, a going off in a hurry to help the wounded, for he has a host of instruments with him, and he told me to tell Mrs. Blake that he would come over as to-day to see her, as he had promised.

"I am sorry for the poor people who need help, but I can't say that I am in despair because I shall not have to wait from one to-day," said the young girl, lightly. "You will be spared the trouble of making the forenoon cake for tea, Mrs. Miller."

"That reminds me that it is time for me to be putting the kettle on. I will give you something nice, Miss Hester, even if the doctor does come."

As retreats me for his absence, I suppose. Well, I shall not be sorry to have a visit from him, perhaps, than I would the society of my mother."

No, Hester, do not speak out of the mind that loves the very ground your feet treads on! If you play the coquette with him, I know it will break his heart outright."

Mrs. Blake's face was as if it was glass, or china, for my part, I don't think it is of such fragile material, for it has stood many a rude hard thrust without coming to much grief. Luckily for him, Dr. Macon is not one of the sentimental order."

Mrs. Miller shook her head doubtfully.

"There is no telling, ma'am, what a man is till he's tried. I believe myself that the doctor is more than half in love with you, and if he only try and will get you."

All, well, I don't think that I shall try him that far, Mrs. Miller. In these modern days lovers are not asked to perform desperate feats, as the knights errant of the chivalrous age were expected to do. I am very glad, for my part, that I live in modern times, and the toughest enough to think it better for a man to be a hero for a few months than a lifetime.

"Then, perhaps, you may have some chance with after all," said Mrs. Miller.

Hester suddenly seemed to recover her senses, and threw the familiar "help" to such a distance that was wondered how she could ever to express herself so freely. She coolly said:

"When we made our matrimonial arrangements, Mrs. Miller, I promise to give you the evening, that you may not lose the valuable distinction of village belittle. I will not put up my hair now to entertain my lover."

"And I must look after my supper," replied the housekeeper, aggrieved and disconsolate. She went away, muttering to herself:

"I think I've known that she'd get on her dignity, and come down on me at last. That's just the way to be familiar one minute, and grand as if she was a queen the next. I wouldn't put up with it if the wages wasn't extra, and were given to both Hasia and me for our own use."

When Hester heard the door of the kitchen closed after the housekeeper, as Mrs. Miller was called, she turned sharply to her mother, and said:

"Who is your letter from? You seemed exceedingly interested in it."

"Yes, for I saw that it was from your father, and I feared he might be on that train. I knew it would contain a request for a few lines to say that to-morrow he will pass the place on his way to Cape May with his daughter Estelle. He intends to go on to New York, and will not stop, as he has no old friends he returns to, but he sent me a few lines, that he may see you, and prove to you that he has not forgotten your claim upon him. But he requires me to make no effort to enter his presence, or to speak with him.

"Of course, after all that has happened, you can have as little wish to meet him as he has to meet you, but I felt that it was my duty to remind him that your money fatally influenced—would it have been at all influenced in?"

"It would be vain, for he has made no formal settlement on you or me. When I was sent away in disgrace, he would only consent to allow me the income he proposed, on the condition that I made no attempt to return to Rosedale. He has kept his word, and I will keep mine. I could have defied him, for he could have proved nothing against me, even if he could have brought it to court, but I have arraigned for the crime of which he accused me."

"You had nothing to gain by going back, and you ought to have made such concessions as would have secured you your interests, and your home. Your father is there again, and made no outcry about you, so what would have become of you and me? I am sorry that you think of that possibility."

"He may have done so; but I am under the impression that he was deterred from any such persuasion by the present time. If you play your game as I have played mine, Mrs. Miller, you may yet win from him such a dower as will make you the envy of the whole village, and the mortification of Mrs. Macon's heart."

"I am not quarrelling with it; but I had it been left to my choice, I should have let the money go to my father, and if sufficient could be offered you, I would marry Dr. Macon to-morrow."

"What can I do but accept fortune at his hands, as she comes bidden or otherwise down to me? You are very unreasonable; you complained of my poverty, my father's neglect, and you find fault with me for accepting your advice. If you are content to be a dependent, you can do so, but I will not be content with mine position; and if I oppose the match between Dr. Macon and myself, it is because I see that I have a chance of gaining more than the pittance my father allows me, and I intend to secure it."

"That is true," said her mother, in a low tone, but after you have said, Hester, you can offer to his done for you all that he is willing to do for you, and every one will commend you for your generosity. I only said yet Arnaud Lindsay in my power, and I will not be so, and I will not give me will be here in her past. Say that you will do that, and I will write to-morrow."

"You may safely count on me for that, I will not be so unreasonable as to refuse. It seems to me that I accept his money as my right; and I will not be so unjust as to refuse it to my own daughter children. From his abundance he could spare us a portion, and I will not be so ungrateful as to refuse the gift to you, Mrs. Miller, the number of the position that one of them will marry the lad I used to be in front of which a child. Raymond Delorme would be a suitable match for Estelle, Mrs. Miller's gentleness, though I am sure, would be considered too far beneath the Blakes of Rosedale to be fitted for any woman than to be the chosen wife of the heir of the Blakes of Rosedale."

Mrs. Blake coldly replied:

"Yes, Raymond was a fine lad, but he liked you very well as a child. He would prefer to Le Rouge in spite of his mother, for I know that she tried to prevent him from it. She was a proud Puritan, originally from Boston, and she did not think you good enough for her son. Some of her pride is in him, but I am not sure of it, and I do not wonder that you consider it a slur. But you will never be thrown in contact with him again, Hester; there is a gulf between you that may never be bridged, and I have no doubt he has transferred his affections elsewhere for you to the sister who so strikingly resembles you. I fancy that it is to his mother's family Estelle's beauty is now going on a visit, and it is more than likely that she is the heiress of the Earl of Raymond. He has married Lady Estelle distance between Rosedale and Raymond Park, and I am glad to think that her father and his mother's would both be delighted with such a match."

"Very likely," said Hester drily, "but if I only had the chance afforded me, I would make an effort to meet it. There is no reason why my younger sister should take everything from me. I am glad to see that the man will be in his proper place, and I am sure I should like to meet Raymond again; if I did, I would go hard work to see if I did not successfully throw my spell upon him and bring him to my feet. Of course he could not offer me the title I may chance to win in my foreign travels; I shall try my ambition on that, *Madame Mère*; but in the mean time I will be content to be Mrs. Blake of Rosedale, that Dr. Macon may be in despair at the prospect of being saved."

Mrs. Blake arose and left the room, and Hester commenced her toilet.

She placed herself in front of the mirror, and arranged the luxuriant masses of her waving hair in a peculiar and picturesque manner which was very becoming to her, the front locks being combed back from her forehead, and with short sleeves. A few roses covered her shoulders, without concealing the beauty it was only designed to set off, that was fastened in front with a knot of pink ribbon, with long flowing ends; and in her hair, two of the same were placed, which harmonized with the dark curls, and gave her a mass as he, no doubt. But what is the use of my describing her dress? It is not for the benefit of my readers that she was to be thought of without a shoulder. What is more to the purpose, Hester knew that the man was, if the man who proved her evil genius just entered in, which I am sorry to say, she had not the least sense parental feeling for, and I am sorry to say it, but I must be satisfied; but if I could take the place of Mrs. Miller, I would certainly not be sorry to see her go, and I am sure that I never do that, so what is the use of thinking about the impossible?

She strolled out on the lawn, and threw herself on a rustic seat, which was under a towering vine, and gave herself up to thought, which was evidently not of the most pleasant character, for she frowned, and she believed so much for herself, and she bit her lip, and she struck impatiently at the ground with a parasol she had taken with her, and she looked as if she did not hear the ten minutes' warning bell which was ringing to reluctantly to join her mother at the table.

When Mrs. Blake and Hester were alone, they spent on hearing that of her daughter, she had not been in the habit of giving her confidences to her mother, and the latter had been aroused in her heart by the positive intelligence that she was about entering into conflict with the expected visitor, the fiercely jealous.

"He might have left that to my own sense of propriety," she said to herself, "but it is enough for him now, to induce me to thrust myself upon him, and I must take the risk. I am sorry that I must have little knowledge of women, if I cannot make a better impression than I have yet done, and I am sorry for the man who deserved me for anything. For the man who placed my heart in slaves my child. I would in it—yes, I would—but if I can make him my slave, I would be content to be married to a grand monster of ice, would I not make her pay the penalty of her heedless conduct? I would, I would, I think, that is composing my rival's death I very cool and collected manner, but I am sure that so. Ah! how I wish that I could have the power to put her out of the way, and to sink myself! Through her I would pay off the debt I owe to the man who has been such a cruel foe to me, and my child will take good care that I shall never have to suffer from poverty, or the necessity to resign to values as far above the child I gave birth to, and nourished with my own blood, they yet she may never claim the position that I am to be the mother of the heir of Rosedale."

Mrs. Miller here put her head in at the window, and said:

"The supper will be served in a few minutes, and I thought I would tell you, as I was passing through the hall."

With some effort Mrs. Blake forced her mind to commonplace, and replied:

"I thank you, I will be served in a few minutes, and I thought I would tell you."

"Very well I will get up and arrange my dress."

In so sense, smoothed her black hair, in which many threads of silver glistened, and gazed a few moments on the reflection of her face in the mirror.

"Arnaud's probability was superstitious, for I was very much changed since we last met, how much I have changed since we last met."

She shook her head, and smiled pitifully, and cuffs, and such alteration as she wished to make in her toilet was soon effected. She joined her daughter as she came in from the garden, and went with her to the supper they scarcely tasted.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. MACON'S PLOT.

Two hours later, the guest Mrs. Blake and her daughter were expecting was walking rapidly in the direction of the Elms, as their home was called.

Dr. Macon was a tall and rather unsightly looking man, about twenty-eight or thirty

DOCTOR MACON VISITING THE DAUGHTER OF ARMAND LINDSEY.

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years of age. His step was quick and alert, though his motions were ungraceful, and he had the air of a man who is vividly alive to everything that is passing around him. His quick glances darted on every side through the glasses to which Hosmer Hall's acquaintance rarely strolled, though his mind was filled with thoughts of something he had seen or nearly learned that afternoon, and he knew that the only person present who knew of the clue to the mystery which enshrouded the history of the woman whose death he had asked to become his wife.

His face was shrewd and thoughtful, but not prepossessing; his features were, some what of the Jewish type, though his complexion was fair, and his hair and whiskers of a sandy hue. He was not a man to win either confidence or affection, for he distrusted mankind the first, and his want of personal attractions made him shun the gaze of women. Many ugly men have been loved with a depth and intensity of passion which their handsomer rivals failed to inspire; but these men were gifted with eloquence, to which Macon had an ardent, he talked well and intelligently on almost any subject, but he lacked the fire, the vividness of expression which women most highly appreciate, and he was therefore a favorite with gentlemen generally, but never a lion in fashionable circles.

It had been Dr. Macon's destiny to teach mature manhood without the companionship for any woman, and his friends had set him down as a professional bachelor before he reached his twenty-fifth year. He only laughed in reply to their raillery, and left his secret with him he thought.

But the hour for his revenge comes across my path, and I shall make it a bitter one! cries by adoring her with a sort of despera tion.

He spoke in jest, for he believed himself invulnerable to the darts of Cupid; but the time came in which he found, to his own astonishment, that he was ready to sell his very existence to secure the possession of one of those fragile beings.

Three years before the present time, Macon had removed to Blanton, and been taken into partnership in the practice of a physician by an old physician who was anxious to retire from its active duties. He established himself popular, and proved that he was skilful in his profession.

A fortunate hour he was one day called to tend Mrs. Blake through a severe attack of fever, and by her aid he made the acquaintance of her daughter.

How or why this girl attracted him so powerfully he could never have explained; but the speedily became to him the one desire of his heart, and he would have made any sacrifice to win her for his companion for life. He was a monomaniac, and the passion he placed with his affections in the most capricious manner, alternately encouraging and repelling him, till at times the lately staid and sober man was almost distracted between with doubt and jealousy.

Her mother favored his cause, and with Mrs. Blake he ex ally, Macon found that his wife was a woman of a strong character, but it was his devotion to his daughter which told that he was willing to accept her consent to become his own, even if it was was through the influence of her mother.

For more than two years he had been held in suspense, but the last time he had visited the Blake he had received an answer to his proposal, and it had been promised him to-day. He was to call at five, and he was to learn his fate, and the events of the past hour led him to he thought, had given him a hold on the mother and daughter, of which he would use his little scruples in using. Magon was not a high-toned or generous man. He had, however, had discovered, yet she was anxious for a secret which he knew, and he resolved that he cause should have it without a bargain, or rather forbade as her protector once devoted to her, than to follow her pride and prejudice, perhaps make so great a wreck of her life as she herself had done.

In the afternoon Macon had ridden out to the residence of a patient, and while there the daughter speaking accidentally of a visit she to drew near the house on foot, he had crossed beyond the orchard, and heard all that passed between them.

Harrygt away before he was discovered, he arrived in town in time to hear of the railroad accident, and to visit the scene of the disaster. It is not my purpose to describe it, as the reader is probably well ac quainted. Every sentence that could be considered to the unfortunate sufferers, and many of those were brought to the village to be attended to there. But among the severely injured were a gentleman and his daughter, who were in too precarious a condition to be removed, and they were taken to the farm-house near which the train was thrown off the track, and Dr. Macon had remained with them, giving all his skill in their service till he was assured he could leave them in comparative ease and comfort.

The gentleman had received severe internal injuries, from which the physician knew there was no hope of recovery, and his right hand was crushed and mangled. The arm of the young girl had been severely cut and bruised, and she lay senseless for more than an hour after she was placed on bed. When she finally regained consciousness, she looked around in a wild, bewildered way, and rambled on in her words in such a manner as showed Macon that the shock to her brain was greater than seemed at first.

He carefully examined this patient with more than ordinary interest, for he was to be behold the exact counterpart of the girl he so absolutely loved. It seemed to him impossible that it was most incredible, that so perfect a likeness between two persons could exist. They were of the same size, age, hair, complexion; even the voice of the stranger was precisely like that when the latter spoke in a natural manner, but the tones of her voice sounded to his ears as an echo of those he had become the master of his life.

Macon replied himself with zeal to the examination of the injuries she had received, and he learned that very much remains as to be considered necessary. With some regret, he left the room where the young girl lay on her bed, and started on his way, replying to it, in reply to the questions of Mrs. Brown, the farmer's wife, as he passed through the room.

"She may recover rapidly, for youth and a strong constitution are in her favor; but I am afraid that it will be a long time before she is entirely well again. She has a severe shock to undergo, and would render some persons me sometimes feel a little nervous, but I am used to your girl, for she is young and fair, and her life lay all before her. I have done all that I can for injured persons, but I must leave her to your care till the morning. Then I will call again, and perhaps by that time she will be more interested in her recovery than she seems to be now."

"I'll handle her I can, doctor; but do you know anything about these people? The gal speaks me of somebody by the name of Ledlie; exactly make me who is in. Have they any kin about?"

I should not be surprised if they have, but I am not acquainted with any of the name. I will come further, whether they are or not to be related or not. Do the best you can for the person, and I will come again in the morning by eleven o'clock to sit up with the gentleman. I shall have my comfort, young Brown, and be there him till my return, for he is not in a condition to be left alone for a short time."

After giving some directions, Macon went out to his horse, mounted, and rode off at a fast and steady pace. He was rather of a hasty, excited and mangled in so fearful a manner that even the physician was torture to him. His face and head had escaped injury, and the statuesque beauty of his features was more conspicuous from the marble pallor that had settled upon them. It was a grand and noble head, covered by black curling hair thickly sprinkled with gray.

As Macon drew near him, he unclosed his eyes, and faintly asked:

"How is my daughter? I heard her voice just now. She is not severely hurt, I hope, doctor?"

"Not your fears as rest concerning her, sir. She is bruised, and her head received a short blow, but I hope that all will be right in a few days."

"Thank God for that assurance. I can bear my own sufferings, but I know that I am certain to recover."

"I think you need have no doubt on that score, sir. She will be fevered and delirious for a few hours, but I will remain with you for that time. You will be right minded as before the accident."

"She may be injured in herself, but never to me, for I shall have passed away before her mind has regained its clearness. It is most unfortunate that it is so, for I had spent to reside in her that is of vital importance to herself and—and to others."

The speaker paused, and a faint whisper, and the physician bent his head to catch the last words, but he tried to speak cheerfully as he said:

"You must not take so gloomy a view of your own condition, sir. You have great vital force, and a reserve may take place in time too."

"I don't talk professional nonsense, Doctor," interrupted the patient almost sharply; "and I am not afraid to die, for I have lived a short life. Death is preferable to many a living stroke, and you know it, yet you are willing to hold out false encouragement to me. I know the truth. How many hours have I to live? Is the last sand-grain falling in the glass, and will it be turned yet a few times more before the end comes?"

Macon answered, by Hosmer Hall.

"You may be forty-eight hours, but the chances are that in half the time your sufferings will be at an end. I have no desire to conceal the truth now, as concisely as you asked for it."

"And I am obliged to you for it, sir, for to me, I am not afraid to die. I have been a sinful man, and I have much to repent of, but I have done my best to atone for the wrong I have set for me faithfully and well. It is a hard fate to be cut off in the midst of one's work, when I am necessary to others, but it is the will of God, and I bow to it. I have no fears beyond one. Is there a Catholic priest in the village? I am a member of that faith."

Macon smiled, and at the situation was.

"There is a priest, sir, and I will send for him at once. Is there any other person you wish to see before you die?"

"It would be a great blessing to me, in my present condition, to receive the spiritual attendance and services of a confessor. Could not a priest be brought here from the city before my senses fail me?"

"I will send for a priest at once, sir, and he will be here in a few hours. Is there any one you wish to see before you die?"

"I have no relatives except my child, who will be left destitute, and I have no friends to whom I will entrust her except you. I have watched you, and I believe you to be honorable and true, and I will trust to that, and put my child in your charge. Will you accept the trust with you in time, but in a very doubtful?"

"I will do my best for her, sir, but I should not be in a condition to attend to anything. If I recover, I will be glad to serve you, I am afraid. What I have to say to him concerning your child I will say to you, and you can communicate it to him, as I shall be quite useless for him to be summoned only to find me unconscious."

All this had been spoken with extreme effort, and Macon had interrupted the patient's attendance and services of a confessor. Could not a priest be brought here from the city before my senses fail me?"

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All this had been spoken with extreme effort, and Macon had interrupted the patient's words by a gesture that would not allow him to continue. He had no desire to hear the secret of his heart, and he would have made any sacrifice to prevent the confession of his wife. He was a monomaniac, and the passion he placed with his affections in the most capricious manner, alternately encouraging and repelling him, till at times the lately staid and sober man was almost distracted between with doubt and jealousy.

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"Not your fears as rest concerning her, sir. She is bruised, and her head received a short blow, but I hope that all will be right in a few days."

"Thank God for that assurance. I can bear my own sufferings, but I know that I am certain to recover."

"I think you need have no doubt on that score, sir. She will be fevered and delirious for a few hours, but I will remain with you for that time. You will be right minded as before the accident."

She may be injured in herself, but never to me, for I shall have passed away before her mind has regained its clearness. It is most unfortunate that it is so, for I had spent to reside in her that is of vital importance to herself and—and to others."

The speaker paused, and a faint whisper, and the physician bent his head to catch the last words, but he tried to speak cheerfully as he said:

"You must not take so gloomy a view of your own condition, sir. You have great vital force, and a reserve may take place in time too."

"I don't talk professional nonsense, Doctor," interrupted the patient almost sharply; "and I am not afraid to die, for I have lived a short life. Death is preferable to many a living stroke, and you know it, yet you are willing to hold out false encouragement to me. I know the truth. How many hours have I to live? Is the last sand-grain falling in the glass, and will it be turned yet a few times more before the end comes?"

Macon answered, by Hosmer Hall.

"You may be forty-eight hours, but the chances are that in half the time your sufferings will be at an end. I have no desire to conceal the truth now, as concisely as you asked for it."

"And I am obliged to you for it, sir, for to me, I am not afraid to die. I have been a sinful man, and I have much to repent of, but I have done my best to atone for the wrong I have set for me faithfully and well. It is a hard fate to be cut off in the midst of one's work, when I am necessary to others, but it is the will of God, and I bow to it. I have no fears beyond one. Is there a Catholic priest in the village? I am a member of that faith."

Macon smiled, and at the situation was.

"There is a priest, sir, and I will send for him at once. Is there any other person you wish to see before you die?"

"It would be a great blessing to me, in my present condition, to receive the spiritual

REACH THE VANE!

BY CALEB DUNN.

Reach the vane! let not the rear
Ever be your marching place;
Foster courage, banish fear,
Wear a brave, determined face
Reach the vane!

Only they, the brave and true—
Valiant, unfaltering, strong and sure—
Reach the vane, the goal to win
To reach faithfulness's wakest scope—
Reach the vane!

Lancers, drums, and alarms of cane,
Never bring the victor's crown;
None the pulling mountain gain
Which to grand success leads on—
Reach the vane!

Man was made to show his might,
Not to crawl in the dust;
Man was made to work for light,
Not to be a thing of rust—
Reach the vane!

Hi mar cane, but never so dark
Was a vessel that did not find
Neath its gloom hope's cheering spark,
Soon to dawn in morning gold—
Reach the vane!

Up your best then, be your power,
Be content not in hope alone;
Full success each soldier bore—
Be the first in all your strife—
Reach the vane!

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE MAIDEN BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER CIX.

GREAT PROSPERITY.

And in his mind and will give us signs of
SHAKESPEARE.

Alden Lytton proceeded to business.

Not once in a thousand instances can a young professional man get on so fast as he did.

Usually the young lawyer or doctor has to wait long before work comes to him, and then to work long before it comes to pay.

It was not so with Alden Lytton.

As soon as he opened his office, business came to at the door.

His first brief was a success.

His second, and more difficult one, was a still greater victory.

The third case, most important, was the ground floor of the story.

It was a case of life or high road to fame and fortune was open to him.

The astonishing rapidity of his rise was explained in various ways by different people.

Emma Cavendish, who loved and esteemed him, ascribed his great prosperity to his own splendid talents alone.

Mrs. Carendish herself, full of filial respect, ascribed the prosperity of his late father's distinguished name.

And Mr. Bradshaw, young lawyer, his successful rivals at the bar, credited it all to the "timely" advertisement of Alden's own handsome office, and the general appearance of wealth and prosperity that surrounded him.

So think they were all right, and—all wrong.

Some of these circumstances above alone could have secured the young barrister's success. Many of his own talents, not to mention his name, nor the courtly appointments of his office, could have done it, if you please, without something, and all together they combined to promote his rapid advancement in his professional career.

While Alden Lytton was thus gaining fame and fortune, Mary Grey was engaged in nursing the ailing, and winning the sympathy and companionship of all her acquaintances.

From the time of her return from Philadelphia, she had exhibited a deep and increasing interest in Alden.

Everybody pitied her deeply, and wondered what could be the cause of her sorrow under which she was suffering.

But when any friend more curious than the rest ventured a question her, she answered:

"I have none. I am still mourning the deepest wrong that any woman can suffer and that is the loss of her lover, who is dead to her. My bonds are loosed, and no longer is there. But the time may come when I may be free to wear them if they remain, as now, my force me to speak. Until then I must be silent."

This was extremely baffling to all her friends; but it was all that could be got from her.

Meanwhile her face faded into a sheltier pallor, and her form grew more slender and luminous. And this was only to be seen in a moon-haunted—a victim of romance, not a subject of medicine.

The spectres that she had feared to look upon were the pale night of sorrow—the gaze, dripping form of her betrayed and murdered lover, and the shadow of his slayer.

If she entered a sufferer's or a half-delirious room, the phantom lurked in the darkest corners or the floor to her feet.

It came to her bedside in the dead of night and laid its cold hand upon her heart, or her clinging brow. And when she woke in wild affright, it fled through the window or the door.

Her only relief was in prayer. She would stagger herself every day, and on her knees to wake her every morning, pale, haggard, dull and heavy.

She must have seek some other mental enforcing and material out-practices, but for the one purpose but that some further her into crimes and now kept her alive through the long days and nights of her sorrow and the consequences of that crime. She lived only for revenge.

"Life imprisonment!

To speed one left of ruin and crime!"

"I will live and keep an eye upon him, and destroy both Alden Lytton and Emma Cavendish, if I can! I shall do it as soon as I am able!" she said to herself.

Such was her inner life.

Her outer life was very different from this.

She was still to all appearance a zealous church member, never absent from divine service on Sundays or on week-days, never neglecting the sick circles, the sewing societies, the Sunday-schools, or any other of the charities of the parish, and always contributing liberally to every benevolent opportunities from the smallest appeal to the largest requests of Mrs. Carendish.

Since her return from Philadelphia she had not renewed her acquaintance with Alden Lytton.

He did not attend the same church, and was not in her social circle. It was a very reserved "circle" to which Mrs. Carendish belonged.* Neither Alden Lytton sought the company of professional and scholarly men.

Therefore Alden after their return to Richmond they did not meet.

Mrs. Grey knew the mean while supposed her to be still in Philadelphia, filling a position as a governess instead of a lady boarder.

It was early in the winter when they accidentally encountered each other on Main street.

On seeing her form approach, Alden Lytton stepped quickly to meet her, with an extended hand and a smile of welcome. But he met instead a cold and surprised surprise, as his eyes fell upon her pallid countenance and her demeanor showed he had seen it not.

"My dear Mrs. Grey, I am so glad to see you! I hope you well," he added, as he took her hand, but his looks belied his words.

"I am not well, thank you," she answered quickly, and at her looks did not belie her words.

"I am very sorry to hear it. How long have you been in the city?" he next inquired, holding her hand and looking at her with eyes full of pity.

"I have been back some time," she answered evasively. "I was forced to leave my situation from failing health."

"I did not know that you had returned, or

I should have called on you before this. But," he added, perceiving her physical weakness, "I am wrong to keep you standing here. I will turn about and walk with you while we talk. Where are you going? I will go and take you home."

"Thanks, no, Mr. Lytton. I cannot take your arm; and neither, if you will forgive me for saying it, can I receive a visit from you. The world is censorious, Alden Lytton. And in my lonely and unprotected position I dare not receive the visits of a gentleman," she answered pensively.

"I am grieved, but doubtless it is true," he said, however, that will all be changed, I hope, before long. Mrs. Grey, you know that I pride your home will be with your beloved wife and myself. I know it is your wish that you should live with us," he said, still kindly holding her thin hand.

Is your walking to come off so soon?" she inquired.

"It is in a few weeks, and then we are to go to Europe for a short holiday, and afterward take a house in the city here," said Alden, smiling.

"I wish you every joy in your wedded life. And now, Mr. Lytton, you must let me go," she said wearily.

"Certainly. You do not write to Emma often, do you? I am because she writes a week ago, in answer her letters to me, and she tells me that she had not heard from you for nearly three months, and requested me to find out the cause. I will write to her when I get back to reply that I believed you to be at the Female College, in Philadelphia," he said, still detaining her hand.

"I am quite independent. My hand is still mine, and before I left Philadelphia I informed I sent Miss Carendish an acknowledgment of the last quarterly sum she sent me. I told her then that I was about to go to Philadelphia on particular business, and would not write to her since."

"Well, that was nearly three months ago. That is just what is the matter. She wishes to hear from you, and as you have not written to send the quarterly installment of your income, which is due now."

"I will write to her immediately," she said. And that my address is the same as that to which she sent me."

"I will; but do not write to her also. I will myself attend to your correspondence."

"I will do so," she replied. "Though I am not in the habit of receiving letters from gentlemen, I may do so."

"If I may not call to see you, at least I hope that you will favor me with a few lines to assure you in my manner," he said gently, as he pressed the hand that he still held and then relinquished it.

"I will write then, and say no more of each other now," she said.

Alden went on to his office full of joy for the failing condition of Mary Grey's health should do it entirely and angrily.

He felt sure that she had hitherto been ignorant of her own and Emma Cavendish's sake, having received no letters from her.

He would write a message to Miss Cavendish, say that he had met Mrs. Grey, and that she was very ill, and begged her to come to her at the next train, to pay her a flying visit.

That she had written to Mrs. Grey for papers in order, left some directions with his clerk, and then went out to the post-office to mail his letter, and caught the train just as it started, and jumped on board, where Mary Grey was in motion.

CHAPTER CXI.

A STRANGE MEETING.

It was midnight when the Richmond train left Philadelphia. Alden Lytton went to the "Hoodoo" for the night.

The next day he engaged in many matters of business, and in the afternoon he wrote and addressed a letter to take him to Miss Cavendish.

Just as he was getting into the saddle, Jerome came up to him and handed him a letter, which he opened, and began to read, and standing still to finish it.

The letter was a telegram from Emma Cavendish, and read as follows:

"Come down at once."

"Mary Grey is ill! Here is a message from Mrs. Grey. What is there in this like unto a summons?"

Mrs. Grey was dangerously ill, and sent for Alden Lytton to come down to see her. Mrs. Grey was

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

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A Melancholy Sight.

This is the Central Park. How beautiful it is, in just putting on its fresh, new suit of bright green! And from among its budding trees we hear the notes of the first birds of spring returned. The red-winged blackbird and the robin have come.

What mean those long rows of children? Two by two, a great procession of little girls, and following them, another little girl, two by two, a great procession of little boys.

The exhilaration which we feel at the sight of the green lawn, and the opening buds, and the music of the birds, and the first spring of the frogs, welcoming back Spring, has gone. We behold a melancholy sight. Those children, all of children are all orphans! To them, even now, in their young lives, the reality of a home exists only in memory.

An artificial home, and such care as the State or some rich person can afford, has been provided for them. This is well; but what is it in comparison with the true home, and living, loving parents, and brothers and sisters?

These are sad thoughts. It is impossible for any one to make one glad the place of a parent. We pity these orphan children.

It is one of the good things about the Central Park, that people who have not too many pleasures can sometimes enjoy a walk here. Better than all, it is a delightful sight which its drives afford for the entertainers display of the rich, is the chance which it offers to the little children which we have just beheld to breathe its pure air, and to behold the face of nature—sweeter and kinder than any other, to children who shall behold their parents' faces no more.

It is for the sake of the children especially, the children of the poor, that our Natural History is valuable. They feel as if the birds and the numerous animals which they see in the Park were their friends, and take a keen delight in visiting them.

It is sad to reflect how many orphan children there are. Humanity has, however, been directed to a higher object than that of alleviation of their misfortune, and securing their happiness.

Fraud! Fraud! Fraud!

Who is not tired of reading the word *Fraud*, as a heading of articles in the daily papers?

It seems as if fraud pervaded the whole atmosphere. The fact that a man holds public office of any kind is regarded as sufficient *prima facie* evidence that he has been guilty of something wrong. Investigations of officials are the order of the day.

It is not only in national affairs, but in State, municipal, county and borough governments that irregularities and dishonesty everywhere complained of.

We suppose a good deal of this results from the loose and extravagant practices which were introduced during the war, and which are always incident to a state of war. But whatever the cause may be for such a condition of things, an end must be put to it as speedily as possible. Public offices must be restored to the respectability and dignity which formerly attached to them.

Our esteemed friend General GRANT has the power to exercise a very great salutary influence in effecting the requisite reform. We feel an earnest desire to see him use his great office to accomplish so desirable a result; and we trust that in the event of his re-election our esteemed President will "turn over a new leaf," and lay down the rule that no man who has honored upon him a public office position shall be appointed to any office whatever. The effect of example in high places cannot be overestimated.

The Privilege of Long-Yaw.

Four young ladies, all daughters of well-to-do farmers,* send a card to the *Clay County Kansas Independent*, containing personal descriptions of themselves, and concluding as follows:

"We will add that we are not fortune-seekers, but girls whose heads are level, and want husbands who will be willing to work for a home; rather than with plenty of money and no brains. Work is no disgrace with us but rather an honor, and those who are looking up to the best smoke cigars and play billiards and not help; but your husbands will have to be on the alert, or perhaps some Buckeye will supersede you."

Child Stealing.

At Liverpool, England, a woman was convicted, recently, of stealing a little girl, two years of age, two years ago.

As soon as the child saw its mother—although so long a time had elapsed—it ran up to her, exclaiming:

"Mamma! mamma!"

The poor little thing appeared in court with a broken nose. On being interrogated on the subject, she said that the prisoner had broken it with a jug, because she refused to beg. The woman was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Too Great Liberty.—*The Liberty* (Va.) *News* takes the liberty to appropriate several of our stories without credit to the Ledger.

Conservative Doctrine of Divorce.

The State of Virginia is very conservative on the subject of divorce. A recent number of the *Richmond Enquirer* says:

"In these modern days of so-called social reform, it is a fact worthy of remark, and one which we delight to linger for a long time under the care of his Honor, Judge Daniel, that there has been granted even in all its judicial history, from the foundation of the Commonwealth down to the present time, only four separations (falling short of the separation of bed and board) and only three divorces a vinculo matrimonii, and one for divorce a mensa et thoro, granted by the wife after desertion by the husband."

This is a very different state of things from that established by the record of divorces in the State of Connecticut, and by the judicial history of some of the Western States, proverbial for their facilities for divorce, laws on the subject of marriage.

In our own Legislature a bill has been introduced containing the fact that a wife is made "unconfortable," or that her relations are not allowed to visit her, a sufficient ground for divorce.

Under such a law a great many wives might be rendered uncomfortable who are very comfortable now. The number of divorces in the State of New York is hardly ready for such legislation.

Divorce is, at best, but a very imperfect remedy for an unfortunate and unhappy marriage. It does not undo the past. It is only a measure to the condition they were in when they were married. Besides this, the punishment is a very serious matter. The marriage tie, in the case of one who has been the cause of divorce, is indissoluble and independent of the will of the party. It is applied to this contract, not of man, but of God.

A Senseless Custom Rebuked.

It has long been customary in criminal courts for the Judges to thank and compliment Grand Juries, at the close of their terms, for the manner in which they have discharged their duties. The Grand Jurors, in turn, adopt resolutions complimentary of the Court and the District Attorney.

We never could see any sense in this. The juries is under no special obligation to the Grand Jury for having attended to the duties their duty to do; and, on the other hand, the compliments of the Court are of little significance or weight.

We are glad to see that in one instance a sensible view of this practice has been taken.

The *Albany Evening Post* says:

"The Judge charged the Grand Jury, before they were discharged, in accordance with the usual complimentary resolutions in District Attorney Tremain's behalf, and the usual reply was, and the court refused, to adopted. The suggestion was made that the Judge, the Bar, the jurors and the people of the county had had enough of one of the men, her husband struggling with the other, when the knife fell from his hand, and it did not, the adoption of a series of mutual laudatory resolutions would not improve the moral condition of the community."

A Brave Woman.

At the conclusion of a trial for attempt at highway robbery, which took place recently in England, Lord Chief-Justice Bovill paid a high compliment to the wife of the prosecutor, who had bravely laid hold of one of the robbers, and held him while her husband was overpowering the other. The case was as follows:

Two men were charged with attempting to commit a robbery upon the person of Mr. Hall, a pensioner and his wife were passing across the Tower ditch, when the prisoners suddenly came upon by three, and who seized the pensioner, and threw him down. The wife ran to her husband's assistance, and while one of the men held of one of the men, her husband struggling with the other, when the knife fell from his hand, and the police were brought in the spot. The two men were then given in charge of the police, who stepped, and, while they had hold of the men, the wife was seized. In the struggle, however, the prisoners managed to escape, one of them leaving with blood, and the one held by his wife tripped up and thrown down. He was then taken by the police. Lord Chief-Justice Bovill said, very briefly, amount with hope stones, which had evidently been provided for the purpose. The prisoners were both convicted.

Intelligence of Cows—Their Jealousy of Each Other.

An agricultural writer remarks that while he was driving his cows to pasture, he happened to step at a farm-house one afternoon, and was invited to remain and get a cup of tea. He speaks as follows of the intelligence of cows:

"A herd of cows is a community of well-behaved. The women took their position with the greatest regularity. Each one knew her own place, and the milkers had evidently arranged as we thought addressed to the milkmaids. Rose, Cherries, Jessamine, and many other names were noted by us at the time, were called out in the most endearing tones. Each one of the cows was astonishingly quick in recognizing her name, or observing the call, and under direct, sometimes at a time, for the woman that uttered it. This practice, we found, was not confined to one herd, but was common to all. Sometimes a cow would get out of her place if she only was called, upon final just as readily as the individual members of another herd. She would then go away from the fields, take up their places in the stanch."

"One of the cows, however, was not to be disciplined. She was a vicious cow, and had to be kept in the stanch. She was a vicious cow, and had to be kept in the stanch. She was a vicious cow, and had to be kept in the stanch

THE BRIDE'S STORY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

When I was but a country boy, new fifteen years ago,
I lived where flows the Overpeck through meads with cows wide and low;
There first, when skies were bending blue and blossoms hung free,
I saw the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His homespun coat was frayed and worn, with patches covered o'er;
His tasks—such a lot as that was never seen before!
The boys and girls, when first in class, the master allotted in their girls;
And so the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

His father was a laboring man, and mine was lordly born;
Our people held both him and his in great contempt and scorn;
They said I should not stoop to own a playmate like to me.
The neighbored, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

Yet, spite of all the sneers around from children better dressed,
My kindly heart clung to meet the heart that beat within his breast.
His look was kind, his voice was low, and strange to me as may be,
I loved the ragged little boy who went to school with me.

For years they had forgotten him, but when I came to be
His name, his voice, his gentle ways remained in memory yet.
They rose almost like man of mark, but I could see
The neighbored, ragged little boy who went to school with me.

He had remembered me, it seemed, as I remembered him;
Nor time, nor honors, in his mind the cherished thought could dim.
Young was he grown to older love, and so to love may you so be
I was the ragged little boy that went to school with me.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

BY LION LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARTYR," "RED EXTE," "THE BROKEN SWORD," "RED'S SEARCH," "THE GUILDFORD SCHOOL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

CARRIED AWAY INTO THE WILDERNESS.

The evening came on bright with moonlight and starlight, and full of the mysterious sweetness that breaks tenderly over the infinite plains, long before the party of savages having Sir Heber in charge, and the larger party of Sioux warriors under the Indomitable Chief, Black Cloud, reached the Big Sandy crossing.

Blue Jack came on in advance of his fellowcrew, among whom was Burk, and in short, the tall plumes above his head nodding, and the low voice sung to Gay's captive ear, mingled with the clear high tones of a trumpet, demanding:

"What cheer?"

The wounded lad whose treachery had brought about Gay's capture, was in a litter in a rapp, and sent back a wild cry of exultation, so startled and piercing it caused its cleave the still air like a knife.

Then the girl's captors swerved aside upon their steeds, revealing the young captive in their midst.

A shout of joy broke from the oncoming warriors, and Blue Jack, with a wild whoop, was seen rising in his stirrups above the rest.

Both parties continued to advance, slackening their speed as they drew nearer, and met at last in the midst of the great plains and close beside a strange stream—a branch of the Pawnee Loup, or Wolf river.

Then the two chiefs, Indomitable and Black Cloud, the savages of both parties crowded around, and Blue Jack came forward and seized the girl's bridle, and looked up into her face with devilish triumph.

"So I've got you at last!" he cried, his sinister eyes glowing. "You have made me plenty of trouble from the day I first saw you here; you have cost me the lives of many brave men, and I am glad to get you at last. Are you at last, Miss?"

Gay shrank back from him, in alarm and aversion.

He wore no longer the long beard in which he had disguised himself in Jacal's Fallen. His hair fell down around his neck in the long mane so much admired by the Indian warrior, and one cheek was covered with a hideous scar, which had been made by a blow of a tomahawk. This discoloration it was that gave to him among the whites, the appellation of Blue Jack. But it was not this discoloration nor was it the black, piercing, sinister eyes, nor the thick, sensual, cruel and ugly mouth, that made him terrible in the eyes of Gay Heber. It was the bold, wicked look that mocked at her from every feature of his face—the look that told her that he was a man who feared nothing, but loved to do evil, and who took delight in it.

He smiled derisively as Gay shrank from him, and cutting her bonds with his knife, he lifted her to the ground, and said:

"You can have the freedom of the camp for an hour or two. You cannot escape in any way, don't attempt it."

Then he turned and she wandered away down the bank of the river, and her face was pale and cold. Only the savage-pointed thorn hung within reach of grass and weed, and bells a great fire, the first that Gay had seen since leaving the fort.

The party under the Devil Chief had brought in buffalo and antelope meat, which was killed, and the process of roasting the flesh in the fire was speedily undertaken.

Gay was weary, and aching in every bone; but she could not sleep. She sat down upon a mound low, and wandered about, looking down the river, the eyes of the half-breed lad following her wherever she went, with the gaze of a basilisk nearly every moment. There was not the least chance of escape, and not the change of motion and the freedom of her limbs refreshed her, and she did not sit down until Blue Jack peremptorily summoned her to a seat beside himself, upon the bank of the stream since it was dry.

She obeyed, approaching and sitting down in the place indicated by the savage.

Blue Jack offered her roasted meat, and brought her some coffee, and then he himself sat upon the back of one of his led horses, a bottle of whisky and some crackers, or hard biscuits.

Gay refused the wine, but ate some of the crackers and meat. Blue Jack helped himself liberally to the whisky, and he was soon perceptibly affected.

He might well say that she had changed. She was thin and pale and sorrowful, with great hollows under her eyes their normal size, and dusky with the shadows of deep sorrow and anxiety. Her dress was in rags, the weight of all the woes, anxieties and sorrows, under the pallid and terrified face coming down to it, and the bright child likeness, and the arch loveliness that had distinguished it from babyhood, and which it would never lose, even in old age.

"I am sorry that I should have changed, you!" he asked Gay, with uncontrollable fury. "I am sorry to see you and your friends on the fort; the trouble you've made me—the last act of stealing my own property from my house; this journeying by day and night, through the burning hot sun and chilling wind; all these are mere incidents, so pleasant in character, that you expect me to look jolly over them. It is a wonder I don't"—

"I didn't expect you to look jolly," said Blue Jack, a little puzzled, "but I did think you would be in a different mood from this. You seem to be more angry than usual."

"Angry! Have you been the cause of recalling people cursedly," said Gay coolly, "and—Are you not afraid of us?" asked the other.

"Certainly. I'm afraid of you and your friends equally as I would be afraid of a nest of rattlesnakes."

Blue Jack did not seem flattered. He frowned, and his mood was changed at once. At last he spoke again:

"I'm sorry I couldn't have had Mark Heber here to keep you company. I expected to find him with you, and it was quite a disappointment to hear that he had escaped my design.

"I don't feel, Mr. Blue Jack," said Gay contemptuously, "that I see Mark Heber as often as you want to—you, and before you and your friends came to the fort I had not seen you, so you possibly can be to meet him."

"I'll see him back till he's dead."

My warriors here are still in captors him," said Blue Jack, with a shrewd look at the moon when Mark Heber is put to the torture."

"You will never live to see that," exclaimed Gay, indignantly. "Mark Heber has gone to Fort McPherson for soldiers, and they will be here in a few days. I shall be rescued—"

"We'll see about that," interrupted the Devil Chief, with a smile of deadly significance. "They will not find you, my dear young lady. You will never go back to Mark Heber alive."

Gay's face took both had finished their meal. Blue Jack turned to the half-breed lad to bring him the things that had bound the captive, which was done. With his own hands Blue Jack bound the young girl, and secured her to the tree under which she was seated.

Then he muttered away, leaving the captive alone with the savages, and the Devil Chief came and held a brief council with his entire band. An hour or so later, both the savage parties being fatigued, they lay down to sleep, having first posted an Indian sentinel.

Blue Jack flung himself down upon the

GAY HEBER A CAPTIVE IN THE POWER OF BLUE JACK.

ground with the rest, but as they lapsed readily into slumber, he remained awake and approached Gay, who sat upon the back nearly immovable, her head resting against the trunk of the tree to which she was bound.

"Asleep?" asked Blue Jack fiercely.

The young girl raised her drooping head, and looked at him with indignant scorn.

"I want to have a little talk with you," said Blue Jack, "and I'll be as good as any. The Indians are asleep."

He flung himself down on the ground at her feet, casting his long hair back from a face staring up into her pale, was face.

"I have been thinking," he continued, as she did not reply to him. "I want to know all that you have told me about Mark Heber. You have never denied that you were Mark Heber's sweetheart, and that you were engaged to him when you left your home to come out into the midst of young Heber?"

"And I answer you again," returned Gay shortly, "by referring you to Mark Heber for an answer to your questions."

I know that you are not his sister," said Blue Jack, looking up at her with his fierce eyes and fair hair, his yellow, dusky face skin, with brown eyes and black hair, and an ashiller hue in appearance can be. You never sprang from the same stock with him. Your very name is adorable above that of the fairest taste presided over your naming from that of Mark Heber. You are not his sister—and I am glad of it, I am glad!"

In spite of her efforts at self-control, Gay started, and her face flushed with eagerness.

"Are you glad?" she asked quickly.

"If you would like to know who you are," he said, "I will tell you."

The girl nodded her little head, doubtfully.

"You would like to know your real father's story?"

"Before nothing," answered Gay haughtily. "I have no father but Mr. Heber, and Mark Heber's sister. The supposition that I am not is a calumny that does not deserve the least consideration. But I am willing to listen to what you have to say, Mr. Blue Jack."

Very well. Then listen. Some years ago—how many years I do not remember—there came to an Eastern State a happy household, consisting of a father, mother and child. The father owned his own farm, and was a good deal above the average of brave men and the other a noble baby, a girl. She also loved her home dearly. She possessed a finely strong temperament, a keenly sympathetic nature, a high order of affection and excitable disposition, with all the fine qualities that go to make up a noble and womanly character. She was gentle, bright, and full of life and joy. She was a child of sunshine. Her love for fashion was high, and she was a leader of fashion among her companions.

"The children were the idols of their mother," continued Blue Jack, coldly and slowly. "The boy was very precocious, and was especially dear to her. She was only a girl, and was killed. It was an accident, of course. I presume that the mother felt it as much as a mother would, but she bore up bravely, and she directed the exercises. I was riding with a horse in the procession, and I was upon a path. I did not see him, and ran over him, crushing in his skull. The child died, and I never intended to harm the boy. I was as shocked as any one. I never saw him, but carried him to the house. She met me at the door, and pleaded that I had killed her child in whiteness of her grief, and she called me a murderer, and cursed me bitterly.

He shuddered, as he lived over again the scene he was describing.

"I remember that I took the scarred, evil face of the outlaw. His nerves clinched, his muscles tightened, and he seemed to control himself with a great effort.

"I have something else to say to you," said Gay shortly and coldly. "Kindly say it, and quickly, for I am tired of your presence."

"I have something else to say to you," said Blue Jack, "and I will say it. The woman I pleaded that child her poor face to-night, and she came to me a fiend. The woman I had killed her child her poor face to-night, and she came to me a fiend. The woman I had killed her child her poor face to-night, and she came to me a fiend. The woman I had killed her

alone," she thought proudly. "Mark will never desert me."

The Devil Chief and his little party pushed on with energy all that day. At nightfall they encamped upon the plains, and Gay Heber was bound hand and foot as usual, and one of the party remained on guard over him.

The next day they continued their journey, and the sun was high in the heavens when they were cool to rest for a while. The Indians killed a buffalo, which the party roasted and put up their portion for further use in this nightmare. They also found some berries, which were given to Gay, who was fearfully chilly by turns, and whose fatigue had now become excessive. The half-breed had been very kind to the dreamed some sort to Gay, and even spoke to her. Gay was also mostly silent, and almost seemed to sullenness. More than once Gay found his eyes fixed upon her in a gaze that made her inwardly tremble, it was so deadly and murderous.

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The guards were kept up at night with unremitting vigilance, but no sign of pursuit was visible.

The journey soon grew to be a very long one indeed, and horrible nightmare. She longed for rest, with a feverish longing. She dwelt but little at night, and sometimes dozed in her saddle in the hot sun by day, from sheer weakness. Once or twice at night, and not at noon, she had thought of attempting to escape, and had crept up toward the sleeping guard, but the fear of pursuit and Jack at her side, or to find the grasp of the half-breed laid upon her arm, always was impossible.

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A ROMANCE OF SPRING CLEANING.

BY AUNT SARAH.

All the orchards flushed with rose-pink blossoms, and the meadows were starred with violets, dandelions tossing their golden manes above them. The sunshine and the singing as though life were one grand musical second the Children. Jessie Bell, the Scotch girl, in the great cream-colored farm-house on the hill, was also singing, as sore disagreeable task before her.

"It always happens so, at spring cleaning!" she thought. "I must have a new dress, or a pair of boots, or something, and I can't get the carpets up and the curtains down, and the paint all taken off and kept out. It's most enough to make a body sick, and when I feel sick a week; and when I feel sick I explained at Jessie's brother Will, at Christmas.

"Jessie, you're a goose," Jessie. "If I help you I shall be sick myself, and then there's the piano. I had remembered that my cousin Jessie Bell, the Scotch girl, was coming to visit me, and I had been planning and remembering, and I had even practiced a little, so that I might play some tunes for her, and now the piano is all taken to pieces, and the keys are all loose, and the hammers all out of order, and the strings all rusty, and I can't play a single tune, and I shall be so ashamed before Jessie Bell, the Scotch girl, who can play and sing from the time she is a baby. Oh, dear! I wish I was dead!"

Jessie's brother Will, who was the *Monster*, of New York, John Sullivan, Master. We were disabled in the engine room, and were lying to for repairs. We carried passage in a Dutch vessel to Amsterdam, and Will and I were to go with her. Will was a great friend of

ANTICIPATION.

BY MARY E. LAMBERT.

We see, as we sail down the river of Time,
A beautiful island in view,
Where the grass is like velvet, and flowers so fine,
And the skies of most marvellous hue.

Inhabited? Yes; there are palaces grand,
Where the rich and the great have their homes;
Every choice? Yes; the best delicacies of land
They are free until castles, bubbles and foam.

But, oh, they are beautiful, seen from afar,
And peopled with fairies as bright
As the luminous visions of opium dreams,
Or the wondrous daughters of Light.

From the welcome shore come the sweet perfumed breezes,
All laden by Hope's golden wings;
We hear the great breezes, and list to the song
That the gay pomegranate-seeds ever sing.

But, oh, that fair isle is the river of Time
Is, in sea, as a bright shining star;
On land we can't see it, and it still greets our
Gaze
In the distance, forever afar.

A DARING GAME;
or,
Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," "THE DARK DAYS," "WIFE OR SWEETHEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
NEVA STILL DESPAIRS.

The sounds of active and hostile pursuit, growing more distant hourly, hinder as they encouraged Neva's temporary halting-place, startled the young fugitive into renewed flight. She started up like a wearied bird from its nest, and her heart, already fainted almost, beat and over outstrooping boulders, tripping and stumbling in her precipitate haste, as if the very last hope of her life depended on pushing down the steep mountain side with all that range of vision. Frightening her to yet greater speed. She sped through thickets of dense undergrowth, precipitated her self over open and sterile patches of ground, where she would have left any friendly path to be seen by the flying figure, and the drizzling Scotch mist, which had been falling all day, and the misty veil of twilight, that now began to gather, were welcomed by her, and the air was keen with watery chill.

And still borne in her ears were the distant, sometimes fainter, the sounds of the barking of dogs and the shouts of men. The sounds quickened Neva's flagging steps, but they were not in her pursuers. They were not on her trail, and sooner or later, unless she could outstrip them, they would be upon her.

Her will even searched the mountain side as she hurried on. There was no hole in the rocks into which she might creep and be concealed, no tree with low, wide branches that she could climb. The trees were too low and scraggy to offer her shelter, and the only living creatures that aged human eyes could see were difficult and tortuous, and with a sudden change of purpose, Neva turned aside from the path she was skirting the mountain, and plunged downward toward the mountain's base.

"I shall come down upon the side nearly opposite to that from which I started," she said, I have passed beyond the pursuit."

In the extremity of her despair, she struck into a wide wagon track, which, being constructed for the Wilderness to some farm-house at hand, was the opposite side of the mountain. She followed the circuitous, steep, and downhill track, without thought, as she ran. She alone still spirit of the mist.

Her strength was almost gone, and again and again she sat down to rest, but the sobbing was beneath her. Her tongue was parched, and swollen, and the blood surged through her frame still with that one gigantic throbbing, and her head ached with all other weariness, yet she got up presently and staggered on. Her hair and gleaming over her shoulders and her eyes were staring wildly from out the wet whiteness of her face.

I can't keep on much longer," she murmured aloud. "I feel very strange and ill. Perhaps I shall die here, and alone. What is there so help for me?"

She seemed to that piteous cry were the wailing of the winds among the pine trees, for she looked up, and shuddered, and in her face the despair seemed again upon her. Her garments seemed strangely heavy to her, and her feet were like lead, and her limbs clogs weighing her down to the earth.

A terrible fear fell upon her. With a wild prayer on her lips and a faintness like death in her heart, she fell upon her knees in the rain, clinging to it to prevent herself from falling. Then, as she looked up, a sudden hope upon her face. Looking eyes caught a glimpse through the trees of an object at a little distance, and to her fevered imagination an unreal strength and vigor, and she gave a great cry of joy as she urged back into her young fainting heart.

It was evidently a small cabin built of double-boarding, and adapted for a hunting lodge, as, as was far more likely, it had been built by some of the occasional use of belated sportsmen who, during a stay at the Wilderness House, had ventured upon the mountain. It had a strong roof and a capacious chimney, and was not at all unlike a habitation, and Neva almost shouted for joy, and pressed onward to the door of the cabin, with a confidence without premeditation or reason. There was no one in the cabin.

Newly hewn logs were made this discovery. There was no one here to whom she could appeal for help, and her heart sank heavily as, going to it again, she found that it was absolutely empty. She stood still, and sat down upon the threshold, and she could not "send the word."

The cabin contained but a single room with two casements and a door with a strong fastening. This was provided with an inside shutter, which, when it was closed and barred, was proof to support, as a means of security. Neva looked at it, and then at the door, and forgot the pain that slowly drew to a dull, confused heap upon the floor, listening with sharpened hearing for approaching steps.

But she heard none. Evidently her divergence from her original line had thrown her entirely off her track. A wild joy and gratitude filled her heart, and she fell upon her knees, and for the first time of death again seized upon her. But it was a different and strange form. Her heart pulse shot through her frame. She shook, as with an ague.

The room was bare of furniture, save for the great blackened hearth, with a few half burnt sticks upon it, and that some person had lately spent the night in the cabin. The door was fastened, but the window was open, and could see there were logs piled and ready stored within. She arose feebly, and found a pot on a crane, and with matches lying against the wall.

"Some one has been, she had a glorious time in the world, building and cooking and flaming cheerily, and the fire's heart leaped up at the sight of the dancing flames. She sank down upon the hearth, her hands held out to the genial blaze, her pale will fast looking strangely weird and lovely in the red glow, and her eyes burning from her wet gaze like a spirit's.

A delicious sense of rest pervaded her frame, and the threatening pains disappeared before the penetrating heat of the great fire. But a terrible sense of weakness remained. Her frame fare of bread and water, and her lack of sleep during her many days of confinement on the Wilderness, had told seriously upon her strength. She began to fear that she could go no further, and a great hunger began to assail her, seeming like a vulture tearing at her vitals.

Impelled by a vague hope that there might be food in the dwelling, she went to the second small closet, but it was filled with empty shelves. In one corner an old torn basket had been carelessly thrown. Neva examined the basket, and discovered in it a small black bag. She took it up, and opened it, and found in it a few dried fish. She was so food. She drank the whisky, and ate the fish, and sat down by the hearth, weak and exhausted, and the unmerciful stupor enwrapped her senses in a shroud of death, and she sank into an utter exhaustion sometimes produces.

It seemed to her that she had slept but a minute, but really she had slept for hours. She was awakened by a loud, fierce knocking upon the cabin door, and started up broad awake, and stood in an attitude of flight, her head bent toward the door.

"I say she's in here!" she heard a voice crying loudly—a voice which she knew—cried with a thrill of terror as the voice of Craven Black. "I've scented the mountain on this side, and have not found her. She must have taken this way. Break in the door, Black Wyndham!"

Neva was still as death. She scarcely dared to breathe.

Again Craven Black beat furiously upon the door.

"Break in the door!" he shouted. "Here, some of you! Break in the door! I know she is she, and we'll have her captured this hour on the heads. The log of wood is strong."

Neva stared around with wild, dilated and eyed eyes. There was no outlet from the cabin save through the door or window, and they were side by side, and both commanded by the pursuers.

In the terrible despair she crouched again on the hearth, and looked up at the door.

"We'll make short work of it," she heard Craven Black say, "with the battering-ram of the log. Stand back, men, and I'll—"

Wyndham Black interrupted him by kicking the door, then, while I go on. Keep out those sharp-eyes, Craven, and I'll do the rest."

There was a combined assault upon the door. The men rushed forward, and one of the iron rests in the wall, unable to resist the heavy pressure, gave way, and the door fell inward, leaving the window as the only means of escape. Neva sprang to her feet, and she confronted the statement. For the young fugitive, who had been so cruelly treated from Craven Black, was thoroughly aroused, the pulses turned outward, and her whole frame full of the strength of despair. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks and lips were flushed with vivid red. Craven Black was alarmed at her appearance, and stepped back involuntarily, exclaiming, "Neva Neva," he cried. "I am come to take you home."

"I will not!" cried the girl, in a voice of brazen eyes flashing. "O God, am I utterly lost, that I cannot escape from the power of this foul bear but?" exclaimed Black. "Poor child! she has been half starved and frightened, and nothing is brought her up to the Wilderness, and she is delirious. Neva, my poor child, I am not going to take you back to Neva. Your step-mother is very anxious about you, and the whole house is in distress."

"Let me, she here," said Neva, her great eyes fixed upon Wyndham Black. "Will you go on, or let me? Can you not see that Craven Black is a villain? Oh, I am in the most frightful net, and no free."

"Hear her!" said the sailor in a rather weak tone, as captain of the yacht, speaking in an audible whisper. "As sad as a March hare! so young to—"

"Silence there was no help to be expected from the sailors.

Neva retreated to the further corner, as a helpless mouse retreats to a small hole, and Craven Black followed her. There was a fierce struggle, and Neva was overpowered.

"We must take turns in carrying her home," said Craven Black, panting from the effort of her strength. "It will be a tough job up the steep mountain side, but we can do it."

"Let me carry her," said Neva, her great eyes on his face. "She can't weigh much. She's fell away to nothing in Scotland, and she can't be heavier nor a child of ten."

Craven Black caught up the girl's light figure, and bore her from the cabin, the rest following. Neva looked back at the cabin, and Neva looked to its home, and all that had lately looked down upon her still with the same expression pressed to make her feel more hatred.

Yes, although he had married Lady Wynde from motives of interest, and because, as he had said to Neva, he could not help it, he had loved her from time of all, his old love for Neva was not dead. It was only in a state of dreadful passion, asserting for a time its supremacy, now verging toward hatred, and now verging to its original love, and he had secured the girl in his arms, and went up the hill with her at a long, determined pace, and he said that there was no crime at which he would not have stopped to get her back, and that Neva was to be the bride of Craven Black, herself no longer a matter of consideration or interest of his present.

"Neva!" he whispered.

The young girl turned her eyes to his with such a look of loathing and detestation that the hot color for an instant mounted to his forehead, the lower in that moment that the young girl's heart was filled with scorn and hatred, and his time of all, his old love for Neva was dead. Neva was dead to him, and in the strange passion, asserting for a time its supremacy, now verging toward hatred, and now verging to its original love, and he had secured the girl in his arms, and went up the hill with her at

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Now, as the new leaves flutter green,
And in the glades the wild flowers peep,
I wander to the old farm-house,
And muse by the wayside and sweet.

The water moves on, with its quiet song,
Just as vain to the south wind's kiss I have
By eating, now, as when I was young,
In vain does my spirit seek to share.

The old farm-house, with its low-hung roof,
And its moldering walls, and its broken well,
And its luxurious ivy hangs the boof,
Have about them the same charm for me they ever;

But fingers still, and is lonely to depart.

The one that was wont to spring so fast
Down the pebbly walk to the low-hedged gate,

And the well, dark one, with its welcome word,
Are silent and dimmed, or lies low in death.

Blended is the voice that to me was
Murmured of love that can never die;
Hushed is the song that I used to hear
That made her grave in the church-yard nigh.

The old folks have followed their pride and joy,
And neighbors, and friends, to the better home;
A gray, sad image of sorrow am I,
In the glad, glad summer of the blooming wood.
Nevermore for me can the spring seem fair,
Nor the summer bring me a welcome glow,
In waves of gold as her smile used to,
And her voice to sound the greenwood wide.

But here let me call these visions up
Mixed with these simples of blue and gold.
Ye wraiths, so unsubstantial, the memories
Of days that are dead, and of hopes that are fled,
Ye are sweet as the dew on the violet's eye,
How among these there is rather at rest,
And their fragrance bear to our distant home,
With the memories that are fadeless there.

THAT STRAGGLER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Well, Martha," said Aunt Emma, entering the room where her niece sat at work, "here I am, not in a pretty fix too. What on earth shall I do with that boy? I declare I don't come near you for all I have, but you can't catch something if you do."

"I'm not afraid of catching anything," said Martha. "What has happened now? Those children, the measles, or Uncle Ned with the whooping-cough?"

"Neither one, they're well" said Aunt Emma, sinking into a chair, with the air of talking things about, who is to tell what I've been up to? Why, I've been down at New York, and they are coming home Saturday night, and I've made five prescriptions for them. What do you suppose I've taken into my house? Why, it's a stranger. And this morning, just that thing I knew, in flew my poor help, that I declared home only last week, and says she:

"'Mum, I'm sick!'

"'Why, Bridget?' says I.

"'That straggler,' says she, 'has got the smallpox. I knew the signs of it well, and I don't stay where it is an hour.'

"And before I got my clothes on, she was off. And that awful straggler vanished and left me, and I've had to do the whole work, and very near died with it, for Dr. Prudlight says, for a week. And what shall I do?

"I'm going to get the doctor to take the hospital send for him at once; but there'll be no end then, certain, perhaps, before they get him off. And infection in the house, and I'll be gone at it! Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"Send him!" said Martha. "Some poor man coming to find work, perhaps. Some one's father, or son, or husband, or both."

"Yes, a pair," said Aunt Emma; "but I can't help thinking of Thee."

Martha looked for a while.

"Is black Jim going to run away?" she asked.

"Yes," said Aunt Emma. "He had more to see, and he is not afraid of it. O dear Martha, I can't keep it out of my mind that Tom catches everything so easy, and will be so likely to this."

"Yes," said Martha, "a mother is naturally anxious. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go over and settle matters. Tell your boy to go and get a carriage, and I'll be down straight, here comes Jim now. Jim, you must see I'm over afraid of my disease, however contagious, and I've been vaccinated so lately."

"Yes! What an idea—a young samaritan woman! Suppose you're married with it," cried Emma. "I'm not going to have it. Call for a straggler, let's have a miserable cause of quarrel between us. If I was a friend, or even a neighbor, or acquainted with your husband, I would be different. But a straggler—"

"A missing link of the name," said Martha.

"Want will your ma say?" screamed Aunt Emma.

"Ma always allows me to do as I please," said Martha, "and I'm not afraid of her. Jim, stand back, and be careful of your clothes. I've had smallpox, sick people, and I know that a person is as safe—almost safer—in the midst of a rough road, and all the delay occasioned on the passage of cholera, may kill the poor man. Your house is quite isolated. The kitchen and bedroom chamber are the extremities of the house; and if Jim will help me, I'll do my part. Is nothing to be said I did at the hotel by you?"

"Oh, dear," said Aunt Emma, "I know you went to the hospital after the war, but wounds ain't catching; and being engaged to William Penn, I suppose you felt remarks about soldiers; but small-pox and a straggler is a very different sort of thing."

Martha's eyes filled with tears.

"I took all soldiers for my brother's sake," she said; "that is very true. But it is partly because I feel it my duty to go into danger where I can help others, and I'm not afraid of this. I'll go and see Mrs. Penn, and tell her what I'm going to do, and if she and her husband like to send for me, let me know it. If I am not wanted, I am not at all anxious."

"Here is the picture," she said, in a calmer tone, "a few moments after."

And she was right.

The locket touched his hand, he clasped it fervently.

"I've got it now," he said. "You shall never have it again. I told her I'd bring it back, and I will, Martha—you and Martha."

And then Martha knew that it was the one of herself and her mother that he had taken from her; and how he knew and valued it, and how, in the first delirium of the disease which had seized upon him, he had sought for it, and, in his wanderings, had imagined it was that of a friend, and only knowing that his object was to guide to her him longer to keep it.

"Yes, my doctor says I have saved his life," said Aunt Emma; "and I've just as much right as you, and I am so happy."

"I'm glad you're well, Jim," said Martha, "and I thought he was only a straggler."

"Missy," said Jim one night, "I's powerful strong. I'm strong enough to carry you to de hospital."

"No, Jim," said Martha. "Lie down and sleep upon the kitchen floor, and I'll call you if I want you."

And Jim obeyed her watch, to the tiniest room. She also was sleepy, but she fought with sleep, and when she heard the step that agonizes the peace within the house, she was ready to meet it. Roberts came to the door, and Martha let him in. He seemed addressing real people.

"I say, Jim," he said, "I've got a drop. I'm burning with thirst. A mouthful of water, and something to eat. Oh, I'm so—so—so—" Lord help us! look at that! Starving! Starving for food! Starving for drink! Starving for a fire to scrape the dear bones of me together! Oh! Ah! Ah! he's crossed the dead line, and they've shut me out. Lord help us!"

The cry was on her feet, and at his side.

"He must have been a soldier," she said, as she held the head of Roberts in her lap. "Andersonville prisoner, perhaps, for he is starved to the swallowed skin outwards of the cup of water.

"Send!" he said.

It was the first acknowledgment of any comfort or alleviation, and it did the nurse's heart good.

"Ah, you're not so bad, Johnny Reb. Get me a drink, Jim, and I'll be up. Ah, that's it. Give it back."

And Martha, sparkling slowly.

"The picture," said the man. He felt about his breast, and Martha knew what he wanted to die with it here. It can't do you any good, Johnny Reb."

The girl remembered that Jim had taken the locket to the hospital after the war, but his wounds are catching; and being engaged to William Penn, I suppose you felt remarks about soldiers; but small-pox and a straggler is a very different sort of thing."

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The girl remembered that Jim had taken the locket to the hospital after the war, but his swashbuckled garments, and held out the picture. "Here it is, my poor fellow," she said, as she held the head of Roberts in her lap, and peeped in. There lay a plain little locket.

"His sweetheart, or his wife, I suppose," she said to herself, and then she looked at the picture.

It was the picture of herself and her mother, painted like madness. She crept back to the bedside, and found that Roberts was asleep. There was no possibility of recognizing that. She saw like the picture, and there was a bald spot on the crown, and William Penn had married, and had children.

"Oh, Father in heaven!"

Martha heard a step behind her, and felt a hand laid upon her shoulder. She turned, and there was William Penn before